

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

—Longfellow.

In the death of George W. Childs,
of Philadelphia, journalism and
American public spirit have lost a
shining example.

AGAIN the horrible broken rope has
appeared to make more ghastly the
barbaric gallows. This time it was
in Chicago, and the victim was one
about whose criminality public senti-

ment was seriously divided. How
long will the State continue to bru-
talize its citizens by such brutal ex-
hibits?

WE have no regret that Corbett
forgot his "dignity" in his assault
on Mitchell, that he raved and
danced around his victim like a mad
bull, and almost ignored that deli-
cate line prescribed by "gentlemen,"
and thus committed a foul. The
whole business was foul. And Cor-
bett stands out before the public in
his proper character by such actions.
Shame on all parties concerned!
Shame for those who were trying to
make this gladiatorial business re-
spectable.

WE are in receipt of the November
number of the *Journal of the Maha-
Bodhi Society*, published in Calcutta
and edited by Mr. Dhamapala, whose
benignant presence at the Parlia-
ment of Religions left such a loving
impression. It was evidently pub-
lished before his return, but it con-
tains extracts from American papers
reporting the same and the addresses
of the editor at San Francisco *en route*
to his home. It contains matter
which shows how the world is grow-
ing together, how like the best there
is to the best here, and that a good
thing anywhere is a good thing every-
where.

THE February number of *To-Day*,
the attractive monthly edited and
published by the Universalist
brethren of Philadelphia, contains
an article by Dr. Shutter on "The
Poetic Elements of Jesus," in which
he gives to Jesus the title of "The
Divine Poet." The article indicates
the growing sanity on this subject.
Jesus must be interpreted by the
poet and as a poet rather than by the
theologian, and as a dogmatist, be-
fore he can find his true place in the
history of the world and in the hearts
of men. Dr. Shutter has written a
book on "The Wit and Humor of the
Bible." Let him give us a book on

the poetry of the New Testament.
Approached in this spirit what a
treasure store will the book of Reve-
lation become.

AMONG the many calendars for
1894 we have seen none we would so
much like to distribute as that of the
Humane Society, published in the
Goddard Building, 19 Milk street,
Boston. The good old family horse
and the children feeding it grass is
a picture from life, and the texts on
the monthly pages make for the gos-
pel of tenderness. Send for a copy,
and note the items under the head-
ing, "Murderous Millinery," "Mu-
tilated for Life," etc., realize how
much fashionable barbarity there is
in the world, and do something to
reduce the barbarity, strip the
feathers of beautiful birds from your
hats, and be ashamed to ride after a
mutilated horse. A docked tail is a
vulgarity. It is a violation of the
moral sense.

THE last sensation in Chicago is
the arraignment of Dr. Harper, Pres-
ident of the University of Chicago,
for heresy, by Dr. Henson, pastor of
the First Baptist Church of Chicago.
The former is giving a series of lec-
tures on the Genesis stories, in
which, among other questionable
utterances, he has compared the Cain
and Abel story to the story of the
wooden horse of Troy and that of
Romulus and Remus at Rome. This
the latter thinks poor Baptist theol-
ogy, and thinks it time to call a halt.
It is pitiable to see a man of Dr.
Harper's position undertaking to pal-
liate his utterances in public print
in order to pacify the anxieties of a
proverbial dogmatist. Dr. Harper
argues that what he said is not as
bad as it sounds. And there comes
from other quarters the usual boast
that the Baptists have no creed, and
that nobody has power to declare
what is orthodox or what is hetero-
dox. And still Dr. Moxom has had
to place himself among the Baptist

suspects and Dr. Harper is brought to book, all of which goes to show that the theoretical and technically so-called "pure Congregationalism" does not practically obtain in the Baptist community. The popular estimate of their position and the true executive import of this body is not determined by the position of its individual churches or by its primitive records, but by the action and utterances of its later associations, publishing houses and leading men. The same is true of all the other religious bodies, Congregationalists, Universalists, and Unitarians, that boast of their congregational polity. Each of these bodies in case of distress or reproach will appeal to "pure Congregationalism" as a means of escape from responsibility, while still they proceed to work through those larger instrumentalities and confess the practical authority, in a score of practical ways, of these general conferences and associations,—although they would all be impossible under "pure Congregationalism." No body of people is more boastful of its pure Congregationalism than the Unitarians. The *Christian Register* in the last number has its leading editorial devoted to its favorite thesis, "Unitarian freedom." Its argument is based "on the entire and unquestioned freedom of every individual church," all of which is true. And still the organization that presumes to be the missionary arm of the Unitarian movement in America, that which shapes its policy and determines what names shall and shall not be entered into its list of ministers and of societies, is an organization which, according to its last Year Book, consists of some two hundred and seventy-two delegate societies; which, counting the full official representation of three delegates each, would give it a representative constituency of eight hundred and sixteen. But the same Year Book gives the names of about one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five life members, a membership secured by a money qualification which carries with it full voting power. When we remember that an overwhelming majority of these voting members live within a comparatively small section of the United States, some of the churches in and near Boston having a representation of from fifty upwards among this life list, and that according to the rulings of a recent

President of the A. U. A. the same person may poll his vote as a life member and a delegate member from one or more societies, it will be seen how far even the Unitarians of America, rightfully or wrongfully, have drifted from pure Congregationalism, or, rather, how dead a thing "pure Congregationalism" is in itself. There is a Baptist orthodoxy. There is a Unitarian orthodoxy, established not by the local societies, but by the national and other general organizations. These general organizations have uses, and those who serve them and are served by them should never shirk the responsibility of keeping them to their broadest and best, and not evade it under the elusive mantle of "pure Congregationalism."

Non-Theological Religion.

The *Outlook* for February 3 contains a timely editorial entitled "Can We Teach a Non-Theological Religion?" It is suggested by the discussion of the Bible in the public schools. To abandon all religious teachings in order to be free of theology suggests to the writer Mr. Huxley's simile, "It would be like burning a ship to get rid of the cock-roaches." The editor well says that what is true of schools is true of homes and churches. We are not among those who believe that theology is useless or necessarily an offense to the spiritual life, but we are of those who think that theology must ever be a matter of personal possession. It must be a private venture of the mind, a presumption of the intellect, a working hypothesis for the individual, if it is not to be a fetter or a pretense. But religion is a sentiment, an impulse. It is an attitude of the mind and not a conclusion, a passion for helpfulness, an appetite for co-operation. Religion in its evolution inevitably passes from a logical to an ethical basis, from a dogma to a purpose. Hence in its very nature religion is social; it is perfectly willing to recognize the unity of the spirit in the diversity of theology. So we believe not only in the possibility of a non-theological religion, but of a non-theological church, and that ten thousand people hopelessly estranged from the theological church will gladly hail the non-theological church, the home of those who lovingly differ concerning the insoluble questions of God, Incarnation, and Destiny, but who, with equal hearti-

ness, lovingly agree in the desire to advance justice, to cultivate reverence, to increase love, and to promote righteousness in the world. To this church the great prophet souls of the race belong. To it all their great maxims and white deeds contribute. So forceful are the sentences referred to above that we allow our esteemed contemporary, *The Outlook*, to complete our editorial:

If Jesus Christ were the teacher of a theology, the simple fact that entirely honest disciples understand him so differently would constitute a fatal criticism of his teaching. The real explanation of these differences is not that he was obscure, or evasive, or used words with a double meaning, but that he was not teaching theology at all. He was inspiring religion, which is quite a different matter; and he inspired a religion so large, so vital, so comprehensively adapted to men of all epochs, all temperaments, and all stages of intellectual development, that it enters into and vitalizes every form of religious thought, as it does every form of religious ceremonial. Religion is the molten metal; theology is the mold into which it is run. The religion of Jesus Christ has been run into a great variety of theological molds.

This non-theological quality has characterized in all ages the highest forms of religious teaching. It is distinctive in all the best religious poetry. Charles Wesley was an Arminian, Toplady was a Calvinist; but one must go outside their familiar hymns to learn the fact. No one would guess that "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was written by a Unitarian, or "The Eternal Goodness" by a Quaker, or

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea"

by a Roman Catholic. In the "Imitation" by Thomas a Kempis there is a mediæval flavor, but little, if any, sign of distinctive Roman Catholic theology; and as little of distinctive Anglican theology in the "Holy Living and Dying" of Jeremy Taylor. The greatest preacher of the last decade in this country was Phillips Brooks, and it was made a constant criticism of him, as it was his real glory, that one could not tell what was his theology. This was not because he was either timid or obscure, but because he was a teacher of religion, not of theology. Mr. Moody is also a great preacher, though of a widely different type; and though, doubtless, Mr. Moody's teaching is affected by his theology, he is not a teacher of theology, but a preacher of religion. His theology has to be deduced from his preaching; and if any one will take, as we have done, a volume of his sermons and attempt to deduce a comprehensive sys-

tem of theology cut of them, he will find it only less difficult than to deduce such a system from Phillips Brooks' sermons or from the discourses of Jesus Christ. And when he has finished his task, the theology will be largely his own, read into the sermons, not deduced from them, still less explicitly taught by them. Most ministers have to put their religious teachings into theological forms; but that is their weakness, not their strength. And the more religious and the less theological their preaching, the more it emphasizes the spirit and the less it emphasizes the intellectual form, the more nearly it approaches the incomparable ideal which the Master has afforded.

How to inspire religion without teaching theology is another question, and to answer it requires much study, and more meditation. But that such non-theological teaching of religion is possible is demonstrated alike by the example of the greatest preachers, by the whole stream of Christian hymnody, and by the example of the Great Preacher.

Enthusiasm and Fanaticism.

Have you ever stood on a high mountain peak looking down into valleys and seen the little rivulets twine their silvery network around mount and mead? Have you ever drunk in the beauty of peaks framed by eternal ice and virgin snow? If so, you remember that in such moment, involuntarily, unconsciously, you turned around to communicate with your neighbor, if neighbor there was, to share with him your ecstasy. Even if the neighbor was a stranger to you, on those heights, under the inspiration of that moment, all conventionalities fell away, and stranger became friend at once. You communicated and intercommunicated soul's impression with soul's impression. Art to-day has caught this thought. The impressionists urge the right of art to see things as they impress the artists to be. But there is truth even in these exaggerations. Truth, vital truth, needs impressionist's communication, needs impassioned utterance, craves for fellow-men. That, the prophet feels. He does not speak as a dogmatist, but as one who has learned and wishes to teach. He is one that is thankful for information and for correction. He knows that soul needs contact with soul, as iron needs contact with iron, to be changed into keen steel. He is not satisfied with this intellectual jugglery of catching balls as they rebound, an exercise which requires

merely skill and agility. He burns to teach and to learn because he knows that what he has seen is of vital importance to all humanity. Will you deny this latter proposition? The men with this proposition have made humanity. It is not the man with millions alone, it is not the man of intellectual power alone that lifts humanity upward. The millionaire is indebted to the poor thinker, and the intellectual giant is under obligations to the stupid enthusiast who goes about doing good to his fellow. What has made the strength of weak woman to face pestilence, to seek the battle-fields reeking with blood, sights from which woman would instinctively draw back? And this woman, as a mere frail woman, shrinks and draws back. But another influence urges, "go forward;" and its name is enthusiasm, its secret, love for fellow-man.

The true prophet loves mankind, and because he wishes mankind not to be yearning for flesh-pots of Egypt, but to be moving onward through hardships across the Jordan to the land of promise, he steps into the wilderness and asks that others follow him. Enthusiasm by our cynic friends is confounded with fanaticism. No one to-day wishes to be a fanatic. It seems to many of us that they lay themselves open to this impeachment if they use their influence to win preliminary, respectful hearing on the part of their own sons and daughters for their own views. Often we hear this piece of wisdom: The religious development of my children is their own care. I need not provide for the future. "*Après nous le déluge!*" Let the deluge come after us, is as pithy a statement of the fatal conceit as can well be imagined. "I have my own conviction; let them seek out their own also. I will not even bias them. As children I gave them birth, but when they grow up to manhood and womanhood, they may formulate their own philosophy of life; it is their own concern." Why does this man or woman so reason? Ah! they do not wish to bias their children. Unfortunately we began the execution of that wish too late; we have biased the child before it was born. Every father prejudices the child the moment he gives life to it, and so does the mother; this is the law of development. My child is *my* child, and ignorance, loud-mouthed,

alone will overlook this eternal decree of creation. We have prejudiced our children in their passions and in their possibilities. We have hampered them by giving them face and form. You cannot begin with each generation the race anew; history works in each generation born to-day. The whole past is concentrated in the new-born babe entering this world at this moment with a protest against the rude interference with its rights, not to be prejudiced, not to be biased and not to be limited. You have biased that child by giving it, in the act of birth, a family. You have biased that child by giving it a language; sometimes it is "English as she is spoke," but it is English in this country. You give that child one nationality; you have in this limited it. All this eighteenth century twaddle or philosophy, that the man is born and then dwarfed by prejudice into member of family, nation and religion, is mere fallacy. Those that repeat this error to-day have slept for one hundred years intellectually. Now we are biased before birth; you cannot get over the fact. But in the higher things, you do not wish to bias your children in matters of religion. Our religion has been the mainstay of our years, provided it was not merely an intellectual toy. In days of sorrow it has spoken to us; when temptation allured us, it has stayed us; but you will not bias your child preliminarily to accept your maxims of life. Is that doing your duty? What, now, in religion is the prejudice that you create? It is the prejudice for the good. This religion of ours would influence us for the good, for the right: not for a dogma; not for a creed, but for duty and doing the right. Shall we in the name of liberalism be afraid of being classed among the fanatics? You will not prejudice your children in that direction, but you prejudice them in every other direction. You prejudice them—I am treading on dangerous ground now—in favor of exclusive "clubs." Father belongs to the club, mother belongs to it, and the boy must belong to it, too. In that direction you prejudice him; but you will not prejudice him in favor of belonging to a religious society. Now, if I had the choice between these two, I for my part should influence him to join a congregation.

Fanaticism is naturally distinct from true enthusiasm. Fanaticism is not the attitude of intellectualism, but it shares with it the conviction that the truth that we have is truth final. The fanatic does not desire to be corrected; truth has been revealed to him, and he is above learning anew. The fanatic and the intellectual cynic are birds of one feather. The fanatic speaks, but it is in order to domineer over men. The intellectual cynic, too, wishes to domineer; thus the fanatic occupies with him one and the same level. And finally, the fanatic would usurp a prerogative of superior enlightenment. "Forbid them!" says Joshua. The fanatic, beyond the necessity to be taught, believing the truth as he has taught it is final, would arrest all progress. No unofficial prophecy would he brook!

Enthusiasm may be likened to the breath of spring that kisses away the cold; the zephyr that after the winter has passed wafts with gentle puff over field and river. At its pleading, the prison house in which are confined the energies of nature is burst open. Out runs in gladness and new life the little rivulet, which wakes the fields as it bubbles from stone to stone in its onward course; out bursts the little flower, when the snow coverlet has been lifted, smiling and laughing its dewy tears that at last the sun has come, and flirting and toying with the soft zephyr that brought it freedom. Fanaticism may be compared to the storm of the desert, the simoom. It does not bring life; sweeping the desert and burying the unfortunate ones that cross its path, it dooms them: the simoom, hot, and dry, and barren, without pity, but with anger! Where simoom passes there stalks in its wake death; where zephyr blows, life buds up anew. Cynic intellectual indifference is the winter time; everything congealed, wasted; everything doomed; daylight curtailed, night lengthened out; cold, shivering, idle. Choose, then, which shall blow: blasts of winter, zephyrs of spring, or breath of simoom. Choose, act!

E. G. H.

Now is the time through deeds to show that mortals
The calm sublimity of God can feel.
—Goethe.

JAPANESE children are taught to write with both hands.

Contributed and Selected

Evolution.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

Ah, dear old church, and art thou truly doomed?
And is the Master, God-Incarnate, too,
To fade from out our life? Can it be true
What he to-night did say? The future loomed
So grand, but, Son of God, Thou wast away,
And all my heart was sad and sorely pressed
With grief while he so earnestly confessed
His love for God and man with deep display
Of feeling. No, 'twas not that man ascends
'Gainst which I strove; 'tis that our God must yield
To theory, nor yet remain revealed
Incarnate in the Christ. But love transcends
All poets' dreams or preachers' hopes, and so
I'll wait in peace; God soon will let me know.

II.

Whence then the soul, the spirit, the divine,
In man? Are they too sprung from primal ooze
On ocean's brink? And must we, forsooth, choose
For parents variant likes and draw the line
Against unlikes, and, speculating still,
Give our rash sense for order and for law
Of all God's world? What man indeed e'er saw
The building of the deeps? And whose the will
With love that fashioned all? What preacher, pray,
Has counseled with the Universe's Lord
And heard, " 'Twas thus and thus," and brought us word
Straight from God's lips? Despite what men may say,
The final judgment only will be given
When God and man stand face to face in Heaven.

E. J. V. Huiginn, in the *Monson Mirror*.

TWO SONNETS.

[In reply to Rev. E. J. V. Huiginn.]

I.

And is the church then "doomed" when larger light
Comes to the world from out God's loving heart?
I see it grow, and play a larger part
In human life, grown gladder at the sight!

And is God less "incarnate" when the bright
Sweet glory of the blessed Nazarene
Spreads till mankind the Son of God is seen
Each, from the lowest, climbing toward the height.
Our God incarnate in the Christ remains;
But shall our Father limit to one stream
The life and truth and grace which from Him flow?
I see His light o'er all earth's hills and plains;
For Evolution is God's day, whose gleam
From twilight darkness to midday shall glow!

II.

"Whence then the soul?" The soul is all the way,—
God in the fire-mist and the ocean slime
Upon the shores of prehistoric time,
Guiding the climbing life no power could slay
Because the giant forces must obey
His present working. Till, when strikes the hour,
The life divine in mankind comes to flower,
And bended knees confess religion's sway.
How know we this? 'Tis God's own hand hath writ
The record of His working age by age,
And we, with reverent lips, the record read.
Shall guesses of earth's ignorant childhood sit
In judgment on God's own rock-written page?
Let man mistake, but God is truth indeed!
M. J. Savage, in the Ware River News.

The St. Louis Working Girls' Free Library Association.

"Believing in the common sisterhood of all women, and that the unfortunate are entitled to the sympathy and service of the fortunate, this institution is established for the benefit of the young breadwinners of this city, especially for girls in factories whose social and educational advantages are small." So runs the opening sentence of its first printed report.

The idea of such an institution, originated in a circumstance so small, it is hardly worthy of recording except that it led to a greater. Carrying a basket of sweet, fresh flowers from a railway station to a church in a fashionable part of the city, the writer passed a great bagging mill just as the girls came trooping out after the day's work was

over. They looked with longing eyes at her flowers. A group of them scurried up a side street and waylaid her with a mild "hold up." "Will you give us some flowers, please?" they asked eagerly. It did not require much time to conclude that the church decoration would go on just as well without the flowers. These girls would certainly appreciate them more than children who have them often. Besides, are we not ever giving to "him who hath." Looking into the earnest brown eyes, and blue, of those large Bohemian girls, and giving each a cluster of the fragrant blossoms, the thought fell like a benediction: Why not look into those eyes often and establish closer relation with them; be a "sister" without orders? They are, or were, so little known and know so little. This seemed Sunday school work without Sunday school limitations. These foreign girls had their own religious convictions and practices and didn't need the writer's. But they did need kind instruction *It should be given.* But how? Having neither time, money nor talent to speak of, it seemed impossible to realize the idea. But the seed-thought germinated for a year, then grew. In 1886 the Board of Public Schools granted permission that one room in the Clinton School be used for a free evening school for girls employed during the day. The girls from one factory were invited. Thirty-four came the first night. They were not ideal girls, but were very real, and very earnest.

A course of study in a lecture form had been adopted as best suited to the needs of those who were so weary that the wonder was that they came at all. A bare minimum of them attend the public evening schools, four or five in a room full of sixty boys. One evening in each week, Monday, was devoted to lecture; health, dress, good deportment, food, books, etc., were discussed. Wednesdays, lessons in reading, spelling, practice with numbers in United States money, writing letters, geography and history combined, etc. On Friday nights sewing simple garments; and darning and mending were taught, with friendly suggestions as to mending and wearing whole clothes, etc., also, as to comfortable, durable garments.

A few books carried the first night became the nucleus of the first free library in St. Louis. Several large libraries there were with small fees, and several collections free, but with limitations as to membership. No unconditional offer of library privileges, that I know of, existed previously.

A small fund of a thousand dollars was furnished at the end of three years by ten benevolent gentlemen, by which it was possible to hire a house. Trusting to future assistance the present accommodations were secured at 1510 Lafayette avenue. During the entire seven years there

have been three regular meetings each week from October to May, besides each Sunday, for distribution of books, and frequent summer meetings, varying numbers from ten to one hundred, the limit of accommodation, attending. Four thousand assemblies of young women, with always one or more leaders and teachers present, have occurred.

All idea of charity was carefully eliminated. These girls seemed entitled to all the opportunities offered without fee or special thanks. The institution was never called a "charity," though conducted by unpaid teachers. No salaries have ever been given except to a resident librarian, and that only a small sum.

Considering the monotony and routine which attends life passed between the factory and the tenement, and which partly explains some of the excesses shown by statistics (See Carroll D. Wright in the Report of the Labor Bureau for 1888), it was determined to throw into these lives as much of wholesome pleasure as possible, and perhaps thereby raise the standard of what constitutes pleasure. Frequent social meetings were held, games of various sorts introduced. A piano was secured, which has furnished unfailing pleasure; a monthly concert determined upon, kept up now nearly five years, with seventy-five or one hundred each meeting, giving a total of near ten thousand listeners in all. Such programs were provided on these occasions as would be offered to cultured friends in one's own home. Frequent outings to the country were afforded in the summer, the railroads giving transportation when asked. These delightful trips occur chiefly on Sunday, and at some risk of censure to the manager, but she believes that—

"The groves were God's first temples," and the days seem hallowed to holy and noble ends if,

"Through lowly grass and lofty trees,
Through trembling leaf and balmy breeze,"

these toilers are brought nearer to Nature's heart. Lawn parties are also arranged at the country homes of friends. A regular distribution of flowers forms a part of the Sunday exercise during their season, when possible. Here friends aid by furnishing flowers.

In a word, the place is meant to be a center from which radiate good influences. The library has rather grown in excellence than in size, though it now contains more than two thousand carefully selected books of standard fiction and the best new books of American and English authors. It undertakes the two-fold aim of creating correct taste in reading, then furnishing the books. Too much cannot be said in favor of a popular free library; through it all may obtain a liberal education. It is earnestly hoped that this one may be so extended as to include the factory boys and apprentices.

This institution, with its lectures, classes, concerts, and industrial branches, should be permanently located in the midst of the tenement region, and should be established in suitable quarters, with its advantages extended to a larger number than can now attend.

An annual report has been sent out from year to year setting forth the aims and methods adopted here,—which has probably helped other workers in similar lines, for numerous clubs, etc., have sprung into existence for similar purposes.

The endowment so much needed for executing plans already thought out has not yet come. But it surely will. The present writer, the manager, has been sadly hindered, but not handicapped, by lack of time to do the work that awaits the coming of willing hands. Teaching in the public schools constantly does not allow much time or strength for perfecting this work, and the increasing affairs and the importance of the work demand a larger outlay of money than there is at hand.

The resources are furnished mainly by private contributions. The proprietors of the large factories all endorse the institution and contribute generously. In this respect great progress has been made within a few years. One proprietor, an old gentleman now dead, declared in 1885 he would not allow a visitor to go through his mills. The recent United States inspector had created a commotion, the girls were easily alarmed. The great army of them came from he knew not where, and went he knew not whither, nor could he concern himself about them. They did their work, he raised no questions. The plan proposed he thought a good one, if it were possible to get them together, but he had no idea it could be done.

This work is eminently one of personal service in behalf of girls in factories. During seven years of such service many noble traits have been discovered and encouraged. Many brave girls have needed a helping hand who would scorn charity.

A constant correspondence with these girls in the mills opens the way to much friendly service to the families of the self-respecting poor. Homes have been found for little children left motherless; brave girls have been encouraged through great trials; work obtained for many; good positions are readily obtained for girls belonging here. One proprietor writes: "The girls who attend your school are the very best in our factory." This, it is hoped, will be the result of the instruction given for faithfulness in work. Intelligence in all things, kind, peaceable manners, and the practice of the Golden Rule are elements needed in character building.

Alas, how many ills that afflict us to-day would be remedied if thrift, economy, intelligence, industry and modesty dwelt in every workingman's

home. The culture and happiness of any home is never in advance of that of the woman at its head; as she is, so will her family be. Incalculable influences for good emanate from one good woman. If young women understood the simple and beautiful art of breadmaking and homekeeping, how greatly would the sum of human happiness be increased in every grade of society, and human misery lessened in the same degree. To this end a class has been started here to cultivate a taste for proficiency in domestic work, and great enthusiasm prevails within it. Of this branch Mrs. Stone will speak. A great effort has ever been made to convey to each girl some adequate idea of her own value to herself and to the community, that she may let no circumstance cheapen her own opinion of herself, but may ever maintain her self-respect. There is a club among the girls called the "Good Will." As the name indicates, disinterested good will and courtesy are inculcated. It is royally right to do an unreturning good at all times. Those who express gratitude for benefits received are urged to pass along the favor to the first one needing it, "as bread at a sacrament." Thus each girl goes forth, in greater or less degree, a missionary. For a more detailed account of this work reference may be made to the sixth annual report, which will be mailed free to any address on application.

MRS. LUCY A. WIGGIN.
2021 Forest Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

A Liberal Congregationalist.

As coming from an "Orthodox" Congregational pulpit, the following extracts from a sermon of Rev. G. H. Marsh, of Cumberland, Wis., are especially worthy of notice. For this sermon Mr. Marsh took the broad text: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." (John x. 16.):

I don't want to know what you believe concerning total depravity, the destiny of the finally impenitent, baptism, the nature of the atonement, the eternal decrees, the origin of evil, or where Melchizedek came from.

This is a practical world. I have no time to split hairs. I believe in God. I believe in Jesus of Nazareth. I believe that Christ, the incarnate deity, is the world's only hope. Propagate the teachings of Christ and there is not a wound that will remain unhealed.

Gladstone's memorable words will bear repetition. "Talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the gospel. It can and will rectify everything that needs rectifying. My only hope for man's redemption is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation." This is what the church is for, this is our mission. Although divided organically, I love to think of the church as a vast army, which indeed it is. In the armies of earth

there is a great diversity, and yet there is unity. There are divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies; and these are made up of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, while these again are subdivided into various parts. Each part is essential to the whole, and each is doing its special work, while the whole is under the control of the general. In the same way

Like a mighty army moves the church of God;

Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod:

We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and mission, one in charity.

Each denomination is doing a special work, and is prominently bringing to the front certain portions of the truth. No one church has all the truth, and I would be sorry to see the world left for one single sect to evangelize. If one church should get a monopoly in religion, it would be a one-sided affair. But we may have unity in diversity.

* * *

Oh, for the spirit of toleration and Christian charity! These graces may exist in every regenerate soul. They are not incompatible with loyalty to Christ and divine teaching. But, you say, if I believe as you believe am I not in danger of becoming too broad and liberal in my views? No, not while you take Christ, "the out and out liberal," as your example. While I believe with all my heart, as I do, in human depravity, the punishment of sin, the necessity of a Christ life on earth, Calvary and the glorious constellations of truth that cluster around the cross, I shall not go wrong theologically. The tragedy on Calvary is the central event of history. The pivot on which swings the destiny of man. The point where the thousand and one radiating lines of prophecy meet. Charity and liberality do not clash with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, but bigotry and narrowness do.

* * *

This morning's text is a standing rebuke to that abominable sin of bigotry, which is the pest of the churches.

God is not eternally allied to any one particular sect or denomination. God is everywhere where the truth is proclaimed, and the truth is found whenever you search for it.

Seize upon truth wherever found,
On Christian or on Heathen ground,—
Among your friends, among your foes;
The plant's divine where'er it grows.

Truth is immortal, and all the truth of every age and every clime, together with all who have loved the savior from every sect and denomination, shall be built up into a magnificent structure which shall rebound to the glory of God, and be the glory and admiration of all the ages. This is the church of Christ, the foundation of which was laid before the foundation of the world. Oh! what a glorious company. All

the great and good who have lived since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy will be there. Every shade of religious belief will be there. All the true and Christ-like of every denomination will then have lost their denominational views, and Christ will be the name upon every tongue and the idol of every heart.

The Chicago Branch of the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference.

On February 1, 1894, at the Third Church, was held the second regular meeting of the Chicago branch of the W. W. U. C. Other duties having claimed Mrs. Dow, Mrs. West presided, and there were seventy-two members present.

After luncheon the meeting was called to order, and the minutes of the previous meeting read and approved. The subject for the afternoon's consideration was, "Religions: the Essentials and the Accessories." Miss M. L. Dunning, in a short paper, told us of "Brahmanism and Buddhism." Mrs. H. G. Solomon being too ill to be present, her interesting paper on "Judaism" was read by Mrs. Perkins, while Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Moline, changing a little the title, gave us a thought-inspiring and very beautiful essay on "Some Tendencies in the Modern Religious Life." Miss Lord opened the discussion, followed by Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. M. T. Bowen (a guest from Minneapolis), Mrs. Mangasarian, and others. We were fortunate in having with us Rev. Helen G. Putnam, who carries the gospel of Love and Cheerfulness through Dakota, and she gave us an affecting account of her work among the scattered families of that region. The afternoon was one to be remembered by those present, who must have felt anew that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion.

BETHIA C. REED, Sec'y.

OF one of the most radical and liberal preachers of to-day, but one whose sermons in one respect resemble those of the old regime, a lady in his congregation recently said that his sermons were as long as they were broad.

GRANDMA—"Bobby, what are you doing in the pantry?" Bobby—"Oh! I'm just putting a few things away, Gran'ma."—*Til-Bits*.

TODDLES—"Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it falls down and if I drop my balloon it falls up?"—*Harper's Young People*.

THE Catalogue for 1894 issued by Mr. John Lewis Childs, Seedsman and Florist, of Floral Park, N. Y., consists of about 200 pages, and is in the form of three distinct catalogues bound together, one representing Seeds, another Bulbs and Plants, and the third Nursery Stock. Its stipple lithograph cover and numerous colored plates are radiantly handsome. Each one of the thousand or more cuts is new and of a unique design. All the reading matter has also been rewritten so that the entire contents of this large Book-Catalogue, cuts, reading matter, designs and make-up is entirely new. The paper used is of a fine finish and the press-work is done in exquisite bronze violet and brown colors. It is the most charming Horticultural work ever issued.

The Study Table

The Life of Robert Rodolph Suffield.*

This is an intensely interesting account of the life of Mr. Suffield and of his labors, first as a Dominican missionary, then of his secession from Rome and his labors for many years as a Unitarian minister in different parts of England.

His father's family had once been Catholic—but his father called himself a liberal philosopher and his mother was a Protestant. At Cambridge he says he "was in constant intercourse with the Tractarians and Ecclesiologists, sharing all their sympathies," and urged to take Anglican orders. He left the University about Easter, 1843. In 1846 he became a communicant in the Roman Catholic Church. At first he thought "his happiness was perfect," save that he had "to pay the penalty of having been polluted with every kind of infidel thought and teaching." In 1850 he became a priest. For ten years he was a secular priest, and for another ten a Dominican. His chosen work was that of missions and retreats.

His power as a preacher was very great, and no Dominican missionary of that time exerted so wide an influence. His life was most austere, and his self-denial far beyond that required by his vows. For two or three years before the question of Papal infallibility began to be mooted he was troubled with doubts, which he resisted most strenuously. He writes: "Many a long evening have I sat in my garden at Bosworth, when a nightingale's song was the only voice to be heard, and prayed that I might die ere the illusion I had lived in and devoted my life to had utterly passed away." In his trouble of soul he wrote to Dr. Martineau, and the Doctor visited him. In due course of time he left the church, and was settled over a Unitarian society. But he felt no bitterness toward those he had left, and was wont to speak of his Catholic friends and superiors with the warmest praise to the end of his life. The whole account of his conversion to Rome, and of his secession, is fascinating in interest. The story is briefly told, and we cannot but wish he had himself written more at length of his life as a Dominican, and even given us a full autobiography. H. T. G.

THE BUILDERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Biographical Sketches of American Authors born previous to 1826. By Francis H. Underwood. First Series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 302. \$1.50.

As the title indicates, this is rather biographical and bibliographical than critical; and save in the historical introduction, of forty pages, and the addenda, of sixteen pages, "upon

*London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

some mostly forgotten poets," it contains no specimens of style. Much of the matter here given has previously appeared in the author's Hand-Book of English Literature, but some judgments have been revised and some names added. The notices average perhaps three pages. The author is to be commended for his modesty; he shows no undue certainty as to the finality of his judgments. On the contrary, he seems to take popular approval as his chief guide, and to be rather ill at ease where that awful potentate, Public Opinion, has not yet spoken decidedly. It is difficult not to take one who so plainly displays this spirit at his own estimate, and distrust his critical acumen; yet it should be said in justice to the author that many of his notices, brief as they are, show superior power of discrimination. Nevertheless we must confess that on the whole the book is unsatisfactory to us. We realize how difficult, if not impossible, it is to make a book of this size satisfactory; but why make books of this size?

In conclusion, it must be said that the book is far from a thing of beauty, and that its proof-reading is not what it should be. The slips on pages 25 and 39 lead one to fear that the dates, names, and titles which form so large a part of the body of the book may not be very reliable.

F. W. S.

RACHEL STANWOOD. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 441. \$1.25.

This is a pleasing story of old anti-slavery days; the scene laid in New York, about ten years before the civil war. It will serve to give the young people, and it is to them it is especially adapted, a good idea of the time when the fugitive slave law was being enforced in the North. It is a love story of the better kind; and, as the young people will have them, it is better that they be given such as this, than many with which the press teems. They will enjoy it, and it will do them good. Many of their elders also will be pleased with it.

H. T. G.

The Magazines.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY (Ginn & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago) for 1894 will be especially strong in subjects of *sociological* interest, both theoretical and practical. Prof. Franklin H. Giddings will deal with the former side, while on the latter will appear, among others, an elaborate historical sketch of "The Camorra, Mafia and Brigandage in Italy," by Signor I. Merlino, and a scientific study of "Indian Villages," by Prof. W. J. Ashley, of Harvard. In the field of *economics and finance* the volume will contain a study of "American Railway Statistics," by Prof. H. C. Adams, statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission; a comprehensive and

critical survey of "British Local Finance," by Mr. G. H. Blunden, of the Imperial Tax Office, London, and articles dealing with "The Operation of the Interstate Commerce Law," "Government Aid to Telegraphs," and "Municipal Monopolies." On the side of *public law*, Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, of Brown University, has prepared a careful historical account of "The Standing Committee System in American Legislative Bodies," and Prof. Vautier, of Brussels, will present his review of the now completed "Constitutional Revision in Belgium." In the *history of political science*, the work of John Austin and Sir H. S. Maine will be critically reviewed by Profs. Dewey and Bastable respectively.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for Feb. 3, contains an interesting and somewhat valuable discussion of a working hypothesis for psychic phenomena, a candid review by Mr. Walter Howell of Mr. Thomson Jay Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena."

THE Woman's Journal for January 27th contains a full and interesting account of the arguments for woman suffrage before the Massachusetts Legislature. All were good, and several, noticeably those of Mrs. E. D. Cheney and Miss Blackwell, were particularly well put.

Five Famous Etchings.

The Passenger Department of the New York Central has just issued a series of five beautiful etchings, which artistically outrank anything of the kind ever issued by any railroad company, while the absence of any advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library, or home.

A brief description of each, with a glance at their titles, is all that is necessary to obtain a fair idea of the pictures.

No. 1 is "Washington Bridge," which spans the Harlem River at 181st street—one of the finest bridges in the world, and a marvel of engineering. In the distance is Highbridge, the Croton Viaduct. In the foreground a characteristic river scene, that will be recognized by any one at all familiar with the locality.

No. 2—"Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls," from a photograph by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A view that has been admired by every one who has seen it. The soft tones in which it is printed add greatly to the effect of the falling waters and spray.

No. 3—"Old Spring at West Point," also from a photo by William H. Jackson & Co., Denver. A romantic scene, recalling memories of summer days at the famous military academy.

No. 4—"1899 and the De Witt Clinton." The famous Empire State Express Engine "1899," which occasioned such widespread comment at the World's Fair, occupies the top half of the card, and below appears the old "De Witt Clinton," affording a truly remarkable example of the progress of railway science in the past fifty years.

No. 5—"Rounding The Nose, Mohawk Valley." One of the handsomest railroad pictures ever made. The scene is just below Little Falls.

These etchings are all printed on fine plate paper, 24x32 inches, suitable for framing. Copies of either of them can be procured at the office of W. B. Jerome, 97 Clark street, Chicago, for fifty cents, or will be mailed in a stiff tube, secure from injury, to any address postpaid, for seventy-five cents, in currency, stamps, express or postal money order, upon application to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Valuable but Not Costly.

It may save you a great deal of trouble in cooking. Try it. We refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, regarded by most housekeepers as absolutely essential in culinary uses, and unsurpassed in coffee. All Grocers and Druggists sell the Eagle Brand.

Church-Door Pulpit

"As Natural as Life."*

BY THE REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

An elderly lady, whose life has been richly filled with beneficence, and whose spirit seems to be in joyous touch with everything true and beautiful and good, tells me that in her childhood she stood by her mother's knee and recited lessons from a catechism written by Dr. Channing. One question ran like this: "When I walk abroad, what do I see?" The answer was: "I see the blue sky, the bright sun, the grass waving in the breeze, the beautiful flowers and the singing birds." Then came the question, "Who made all those lovely and wonderful things?" The object was to direct the mind "through nature up to nature's God." Thus all common things were associated with the great and good and wise Author. The child was made aware of the spiritual order by means of the pleasant impressions made on the senses, just as the same child must have learned what love is through feeling the clasp of warm arms and seeing the smile of a kind face. And my friend remembers, at seventy, that as she stood by her mother, on a spring day, reciting this delightful lesson, "the roses were blooming under the window, the dandelions looked up from the grass, the purple martins warbled among the trees, and the catechism itself seemed to be a part of all the loveliness of the world." So her religious feelings opened like the flowers, and glad reverence for the Eternal was as spontaneous as affection for her mother. Faith, hope and love were not forced or artificial sentiments; they sung themselves to her young life just as the birds sung among the trees. It all seemed as natural as life. The receptive heart of the child was penetrated by a feeling far beyond anything in the catechism—a power too deep for words, too deep for thought; the feeling, the power and the "presence" which Wordworth tries to body forth in his poem on Tintern Abbey:

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean, and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man;—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All living things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things."

It pleased me to learn that Samuel Longfellow was taught in his childhood from the same little book; and I remembered what Channing himself once said about his boyhood's walk on the shore of Narragansett Bay, where,

*A sermon, preached in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, Oct. 29, 1893.

"in reverential sympathy with the power around him, he became conscious of the power within." Why not? Is it not all one power? And there was something in the tone of the story which brought to mind the Galilean teacher who taught men to know the Heavenly Father by considering the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. Perhaps Christianity has its strongest hold upon us in this very thing, that it does not draw any sharp dividing line between natural and supernatural, or physical and spiritual, but brings together heaven and earth, God and man, so that our common experiences shade off imperceptibly into the infinite mysteries, and the things seen and temporal blend with things unseen and eternal. And thus religion is *as natural as life*. What room is there for a non-natural religion?

But not all the catechisms have been so sweetly reasonable. Many of us came to our early thoughts and feelings about religious matters by no such loving and lovely approach. An impression was made upon us that the good life was very difficult and non-natural; that it was quite foreign to our interest in this world; that the world itself was evil and dangerous; that we were far away from God, and were somehow very much to blame for it. So there grew up in our minds a sad theory of a dislocated universe—a universe which was *not* a unity, a universe in which nature was profane, and man was alienated from his Maker. It looked as if life could only be interesting by being wicked.

I think the children were made to bear the iniquities of the older people by being obliged to look at everything through the obscuring haze of grown-up dogmatisms. The conscious imperfection of all generations, which should have been a spur to progress, has been construed as a discouragement, and has descended like a deepening shadow on mankind. Certainly nothing sits so heavily upon us to keep us down as to be told at the very beginning of our life that we are fallen beings, disabled for all good, and inclined to all evil, with faculties untrustworthy and with all our proper relations disordered and disrupted. The doctrine of total depravity in its old form has indeed disappeared; but the blighting shadow of natural sinfulness still hangs over us; and I fear that very few children are taught from the start that they are the children and heirs of God.

Yet at this very point we can see the main difference between the old and new theologies. The Unitarians of Channing's time and earlier did not separate from Orthodoxy so much on account of their disbelief of the Three Persons in One God as because they had come to another theory about man. There had grown up in the New England churches a class of people who were tired of trying to repent of the sin of Adam, tired of

pretending that they deserved endless damnation, tired of calling themselves miserable sinners. In dropping out of their minds the stern old dogmas of the fall, election, reprobation and a bloody propitiation for sin, they made room for a more rational and cheerful faith in the fatherly character of God, the loving brotherliness of Jesus, and the native dignity of man. And as the gloomy clouds lifted, the light shone more clearly for all the sects over the whole field of thought and reality, nature's loveliness was unveiled, God and man seemed nearer to each other, and death ceased to be looked upon as a curse or as a calamity. The pressure of a thousand atmospheres was taken from the children of many families; Sunday became a day of good cheer; they were no longer terrified at the name of God; they could play without dreading his frown; and those who were wisely instructed could see His smile in the light of day and trust His love in the soothing darkness of the night.

But as Lessing said in Germany a hundred years ago, "This is not an enlightened age; it is an age *becoming* enlightened." We have yet to clear our minds of a deal of fog; we have yet to open our eyes to the riches and glory of our inheritance, and to the immeasurable privilege of existence.

There ought to be, and therefore there must be, a way of taking our place and our part in this universe which would put us in harmony with all its facts and forces and laws,—in harmony with each other and with the whole order of things. Then we should realize the perfect will of the Creator and our own highest happiness.

How shall we come at this better way? Does it need any change in the order of the world? Or must there be a change in ourselves? Here is the answer of St. Paul: In order to realize the perfect will of God, "be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." We must have an inward invigoration, a mental and moral unfolding, the development in ourselves of a deeper life, with higher principles and larger powers; we must let the divine powers have their way with us; in short, we must *grow*. We must advance in clearness and largeness of intelligence, in purity and nobleness of feeling, in steadiness and power of will; our proper nature must unfold into the image of God.

But one thing is better known in our time than it could be in the time of St. Paul: This growth of mind and heart and will is greatly helped by our coming into active and orderly relations with nature and with humanity. The forces of spiritual vitality are circulating forces; they are transmissible forces; they come to us through the media of heredity and environment. Our heredity includes all the past history of the race and its accumulated gains; our environment includes all our relationships

with the world of nature and of man. God gives himself to us, not only by the direct influence of His spirit, but through the thousand channels opened by knowledge, affection and action. The transforming of our being and the renewing of our minds goes on by the help of the outward world; and we vibrate to the touch of human sympathies and to the throbbing of souls and stars. And this is the lesson of this morning: The more fully and vitally we are related to the rest of creation,—to nature and to humanity,—the more rich and complete will be our life. And we must turn our attention this way.

Religion is defined as the tie or bond which holds man to his Maker; but if he is held to his Maker through all these appointed relations, then religion includes every tie which binds him to the world of matter and of mind. What we call the physical is, therefore, a part or expression of the spiritual order, and the whole system of things, seen and unseen, is a unity and a harmony of which each one of us is meant to be an honorable part. Religion is, therefore, a feeling of this unity, a sense of this harmony, a glad acceptance of our place and our part in the whole. And *sin is separation*, a breach of the unities. The branch withers, if divided from the vine; no organ is sound, unless it shares the life of the body; no body is sound, unless it shares the life of nature; and nature, I think, is in good running order only because it is full of that wisdom, power, and goodness which we call God.

Let us go back for a moment to the little girl in the rural home, with her mother and the catechism, with the flowers and the birds. The book alone would not have done much for her, nor is it likely that the beauty of the world would have made such a deep and tender appeal, if there had been no atmosphere of human love. Nor would the human love alone give the great interpretation. All these factors wrought together, under the prompting of the unseen Spirit, to open the mind and heart of the child with transforming and renewing power. And is there any day of any life from which any one of these gracious helps is wholly absent? We may be dull, inert, unresponsive, torpid; but the sky bends above, human companionship is around, the word of truth is spoken in our ears or stored in our memory, and ever there is a still, small voice whispering of things unseen, and bidding us "be transformed by the renewing of our minds." Our noblest moods and deepest experiences, of joy or sorrow, seem to draw us, as with living cords, into universal sympathies and fellowships. How can we ever be alone and unrelated? The lesson of Channing's catechism comes simply to this: Accept the world as a whole; accept it as God's world and yours; and then you will be free to let your

own life expand and enrich itself by taking possession of the particulars as fast as you are able.

This simple openness of mind and heart—this trusting, responsive, receptive attitude of the unspoiled child—holds in itself the secret of scholarship, the highest philosophy, and the wisdom of the angels. There is no other door into the kingdom, no other way into the spiritual order. It is the ground principle of honesty, or moral and intellectual rectitude, to let every fact of the world impress us at its full value; as it is also the part of self-respect and self-justice to meet all realities as if we ourselves were as real as any of them. At the heart's core of it all is a deep, instinctive faith in the universal order and the Power which is above all, through all, and in all. To submit our whole being to that Power in fearless, child-like confidence, at every stage of our history, is to be continuously transformed and renewed, re-created and born again.

One lesson we are ever learning—the lesson of unity in variety and variety in unity. Think how many features come together to make a face or a landscape, and what an assortment of objects we look upon whenever we open our eyes! The rocks are not like the streams; the forests are not like the fields; the hills are not like the plains; the birds are not like the flowers; the sky is not like the sea; the stars are not like the clouds; the night is not like the day.

Yet they all harmonize; they make up well into a composite whole; they belong to a large system; we could not spare one line or tint, one light or shadow. Every aspect of nature affects us in a way of its own; yet all aspects unite in a common impression, like the unlike words that make a sentence, or the consonant and vowel sounds that make a word. This silent and sublime symphony of creation is performed by a vast orchestra; each instrument supports every other; each separate note contributes to the completeness, and is both lost and found in the universal harmony. One breath sweeps through every pipe; one hand touches every key and string. And we are present at the mighty concert, and are a part of it.

Look a little closer, and you find unities within unities, and varieties within varieties. Study the rocks, their stratification, texture, and history, and your thoughts expand into the almost boundless fields of geology and mineralogy. Study the plants and their classification, with the processes of germination, growth, reproduction and decay, or the wonderful way in which they are fed from the mineral world that they may feed the animal world, and you will long to give a hundred years to the pursuit of botany alone. Study the forms and habits of the living creatures that fly or walk or crawl or swim, and you plunge into the exhaustless sciences of ornithology, zoology, ich-

thyology, entomology, comparative anatomy, and biological evolution. Or, if you look aloft, astronomy will take you quite off your feet, and every star will open for you a door into the infinite. But whether you look up through the telescope or down through the microscope, you find yourself exploring the same universe, finding everywhere one house with many mansions or apartments.

There are two ways of getting into intelligent relations with this universe in which we live. The senses of the scientific man are like doors opening outward, through which his mind goes forth to take possession of the world by observation and thought. But the senses of the poet, or the intuitionist, are like doors opening inward, through which the world enters to take possession of his mind. Both may be equally studious; but they come at facts and conclusions by different processes. One gets his pictures by the diligent use of eye and hand, so to speak; the other passively receives impressions, like the sensitive plate of the photographer. Neither of these men finds it easy to understand the other; and they belong to different schools of thought and feeling. In style and expression, they differ like mathematics and music; yet there is a point of view from which music is seen to rest on mathematics, or measurement; and to all-sided men, like Pythagoras, Plato or Goethe, the ordered movement of the stars is not unlike the ordered movement of an oratorio. Thus among all the varieties of mental method there is an underlying unity.

If we confine our attention to the human world, we shall find ourselves engaged in the same double-dealing; we shall find everywhere the variety, everywhere the unity. The homely proverb, "It takes all sorts to make a world," expresses the same truth with the apostle saying, "We being many, are one." And everything we learn of nature outside of man seems like a parable, intended to illustrate and interpret man to himself. As in nature, every individual object or aspect comes in for a share in the greatness of all, and all facts are related as parts of the larger whole, so it must be with our individual human lives: each has a sanctity of its own, yet each is bound up and blended with all the rest. The democracy of humanity is the kingdom of God; but the King forever insists that it shall be a democracy, for it is His good pleasure to give the kingdom and the sovereignty to the least of these His children, that we may all reign together while we serve each other, and all serve while we reign.

What! shall we see the sun in every ray, and the earth in every grain of sand, and yet not see the divine light in every mind, and the divine love in every life, however obscured? The great world-forces—gravity, chemistry and electricity—

are as busy in the grime and foulness as they are in the crystal and the whiteness of the lily; and why do we doubt that the spiritual forces are as busy in lives depressed by misfortune, or darkened by ignorance, or besotted by sin, as in the enlightenment of sages or the inspiration of saints? For the unity is unbroken; upward or downward, the scale is continuous. The one life is in the lowest forms as well as the highest; the one love fills the hells as well as the heavens. There is indeed a nobler kind of music,

"But in the mud and scum of things,
There always, always something sings."

We must make room in our minds, in our tastes, in our sympathies, in our religion, and in our lives, for all we can learn, both of nature and of humanity. We must multiply points of contact—thoughtful and loving contact—with these large, rich regions of God's creation. We ought to know that we live in them as truly as we live in our houses. When we realize this, perhaps we shall be more concerned to brighten and beautify our surroundings, to put away physical and social disorder and ugliness, to cheer the lives of our daily companions, and to uplift mankind to the levels of truth, justice and good will.

I do not think that the churches have ever realized the spiritual value of natural knowledge, of physical science, of good literature, and of intellectual culture. Every fact is a doorway into the temple of truth. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." He is not to be put off with the meeting-houses and the Sundays, the hymns and the prayers. He will have also the homes and streets, the schools and courts, the markets and theaters, the railways and ships, the arts and sciences. All of these must be dedicated to Him by being devoted to human uses, to the welfare of his children. Whatever degrades humanity, whatever hurts the least of these, let it be accursed!

Religion will never grow robust and masterful unless it is nourished with a stronger diet. Piety remains puny when it is fed exclusively on emotional mush, and faith is feeble if it be not exercised in the open air of fact. Religion would appear to better advantage if it were to show itself in everyday clothes, in the common world, where men eat and drink, work and rest, buy and sell, read newspapers and watch the public games, talk politics and hold elections, succeed and fail, sin and suffer. In this wide and busy world of affairs, men do not hesitate to speak their minds and to act out all their innocent and lawful impulses, nor do they always hesitate to follow impulses that are neither innocent nor lawful.

Out of all this varied experience of good and evil, probably most of us win a certain kind of wisdom. In this practical school we acquire the greater part, and perhaps the most valuable part, of what we know, or

think we know; and our theory of life and of the world is built of this experience-stuff, which comes nearer to nature, far more than of what we read in books or hear in churches.

And here comes in the difficulty and defect of the work of the preachers. We do not trust the child-heart in our hearers; we do not appeal directly to the original instincts of the soul; we speak of religion as if it were something foreign and imported, something which is not as natural as life, because a part of life and the very inmost part, but as something which must be inserted, or forced upon man from without. We have made spiritual instruction too much like those arbitrary and non-natural catechisms, which children swallowed with wry faces, taking them as medicine and not as food. It fails to connect itself with the actual experiences of men and women in the life they are obliged to live every day of the week. It points to a heaven that does not touch the earth, and to a God who does not dwell with men.

It is not chiefly by goody-goody talk of morals or of religion that the higher life of men is nourished and strengthened; it is by helping them to see and feel their relations to the large and beautiful order of nature and humanity, and to see in that order the kingdom of God. It is by clearing their vision and expanding their sympathy; by opening to them the reality and wonder of the world they already inhabit; by showing them that the inward and the outward are two sides of one great fact.

If a preacher might covet any gift of the Spirit, it should be the power to present to all men the way of life, so that it would seem like that shining ladder which Jacob saw in his dream, the foot of which rested on the earth, while the top of it reached to heaven—God's perpetual invitation to climb from where we are to where He means we shall be! Then our lowly starting place, the common earth, will be holy ground, and, like Jacob, we shall exclaim: "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!"

Correspondence

J. Vila Blake on Manual Training.

EDITOR UNITY: Sometimes one gets a book, looks at its title and author's name, lays it by for future reading, and it is unread for years, when one finds it a treasure neglected but not lost, for gold does not decay.

Years ago some one (probably Kerr & Co., the publishers) sent me a booklet of eighty pages, "Manual Teaching in Schools—by J. V. Blake." It slipped out of sight until lately, and I find it a work rich in suggestive thought, a rare combination of the ideal and the real, of insight in regard to a whole and harmonious education and of practical training in daily work.

Manual teaching is considered in

crisp chapters, which show its economy, dignity, moral effect, health, and bearing on general culture, invention and production, and its use for girls as well as boys. On these and like topics suggestive facts emphasize fine statements.

Here is one of the chapters—poetic intuition and sagacious common sense rarely combined:

That both General and Special Education are needful: that one must not interfere with the other, and that this leads to Manual Training in Education.

If it be plain that the first object of education is to make complete men, and yet that there is a second end, namely, to produce special laborers of particular skill and great power, though limited in scope, it follows that we must think how to prevent the second aim from interfering with the first. This brings into view the subject of manual training in education. Little as yet the training of the hand has been given a place in the school house: but it belongs there; for the hand and the brain, the muscular and the nervous systems, the physical and the mental powers, stand so opposite to each other, though not opposed, are so different, yet each necessary, being the two great orders of faculty which make up the whole man, that to education of the hand, not indeed chiefly, yet fundamentally, we must look to obtain in one a more nobly grown human being and a skilled worker in a special art. For one mental exercise has something in it of all others, and one manual activity of all bodily motion. A poet will have something of the virtues of history, philosophy, science, politics, economics even, perhaps of mathematics; a machinist will have *ex arte* something of the benefits of the manual motions of carpentry, cabinet-making, tin work, tanning, plumbing and many other crafts. But the physical powers of a poet may be a sheer waste, the delicacies of whose possible fruits he may not even dream of; and the mind of the hand-worker may go through life with hardly the experience of an abstract thought or generalization, which, Emerson says, is "the influx of divinity into the mind, hence the thrill which attends it."

Therefore, if we aim to combine the two great ends of education, namely, whole development and special skill, we should begin with the broad distinction between body and mind; in other words, let us head-train the hand-worker and hand-train the head-worker. Manual training and head-training together form the only whole education.

The book is singularly suggestive and therefore valuable. Yours truly,
G. R. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich, Jan. 27, 1894.

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SUN.—The garden of Eden is before us, not behind.

MON.—A rough experience works out much good.

TUES.—An age of impulse demands an age of reason.

WED.—The undeveloped mind has a life of discord within itself.

THURS.—For the harvest is good only when the grain is fully matured.

FRI.—Life is a chain of discipline.

SAT.—Let us have the truth; it will render us free as birds.

—A. J. Davis.

Childhood Visions.

O lost childhood! we have wandered far from thee,

Back let us take our straying way.

Wander knee-deep through fields of blushing clover,

And hear again with childish ears the sweet songs of May.

"Yes," and her chair creaked loudly and harshly as she rocked to and fro, "you never was what they might call pooty, but you're getting humbler every day." Her curious gray eyes peered over her glasses at the little figure before her, which shrunk visibly under her glance.

"Now don't run off and cry about it," as she saw the sensitive movement, "'Pooty is as pooty does,' you must know that."

But the little girl was out of hearing, carrying a new pain in her heart. Down the flower-bordered walk she rushed, thro' the creaking gray gate, past the long stretch of locust trees, across the little bridge which led to the wood beyond. Through it there flowed the brook whose voice was a consolation to her in all childhood sorrow. It had a low, cool murmur, which seemed to whisper of its love to the little nature-worshiper. On its banks the ferns swayed a welcome, and tall grasses, like stately ladies, seemed ever dipping a courtly bow. There she was queen. There, in her beauty-loving imagination, she was regal and beautiful, tall, with dark eyes that sparkled 'neath clustering curls.

The little unconscious soul had never thought of herself as ugly. The birds and flowers were beautiful and loved her. She had thought no further. She was a quiet little thing—this Hetty—who loved to roam the fields and woods, each season bringing to her untold delights. The Spring with its exquisite and ethereal chant of hope, its wild flowers, its seed-sowing, and its young lambs; the Summer with its roses and deep-voiced insects; the Fall with its treasures of nuts and bright-hued leaves, all were hers, in her childish egoism.

This afternoon she did not stop to

watch the mist on the hills or gather the scarlet leaves under her feet, but flying swiftly she reached the brook. It was flowing so gently that its placid surface was smooth. Hetty leaned far over its brink. She pushed the straying locks from her brow and gazed anxiously and long. Down in the shadowy bottom she saw a little face looking back at her. She could see that it was colorless and thin, and that it lacked the dimpled loveliness of her little friend.

"And so I am homely. Old Miss Hubbel said so, and I never knew it before." Tears trembled in her eyes which made the flower she picked seem two—three flowers all growing on one stem.

"You are pretty," she whispered. "Your heart is deep blue. Your stamens are sunshine. Your petal tips are curled and dainty. Would I love you if you were homely? How I love pretty things and I like them because they *are* pretty."

A little bird rose with a flutter of black and scarlet and white plumage. It floated in the air and softly falling lit like a flower on a swaying stalk. The wind, just breathing, swung it to and fro, and with the motion there were shaken on the breeze drops of music so clear, so low, so sweet, that Hetty held her breath to listen. The silver notes held the liquid sound of the brook as it rippled over the white stones. It had caught the reed-like music of the wind. It was the bob-o'-link's own song of joy. The tears in Hetty's eyes welled over. It seemed to her that she should weep forever—her tears would flow on like the brook and drown her. Why should God make the whole world around her beautiful, and leave one little forlorn, ill-favored being in it? But as she lay there, sobbing and gazing at the brook, a white mist seemed to arise from its heart, and out of it there looked the sweetest face she had ever seen. A voice spoke to her in low, caressing accents.

"Hetty, my child! Do you grieve while yet so young? Life truly is full of perplexities, after we pass the milestone of childhood, but before that is reached we should be buoyant like the birds, fragrant with youth like the flowers, and ever busy and cheerful like the brook."

"O, but you are beautiful and a great lady. If you were a little plain child, you too would weep."

"Would you be beautiful and grown to womanhood?"

"I should be the happiest child in the world."

The lady of the brook smiled sadly. "You forget that you would be no longer a child," but she held towards her a glittering drop which grew larger and larger as Hetty gazed in it.

She saw herself in a brilliantly lighted hall, the center of all eyes, but was it she? That radiant creature with jewels in her hair and a song on her lips? Applause shook the house as the liquid notes ceased.

Again and again she saw herself appearing before them in response to the deafening ovation, her face beautiful with smiles. "Oh, here was happiness indeed," and as the thought breathed itself aloud the scene changed. A room richly furnished and dimly lighted, with the pall of loneliness over it. One screened corner alone seemed to breathe of simplicity and homeliness, for here were gathered the memories of a lifetime. A picture on the wall looked strangely familiar. Where had she seen that dim, shadowy wood with the peaceful cows standing knee deep in the lazy stream, and surely she had again and again seen her sweet mother rocking to and fro in that little wooden chair; but the Singer now was sitting there, the lovely smiling singer,—smiling no longer, but weeping as if from the depths of a homesick heart. Tears that seemed as if they would never cease—tears for her childhood—for her innocence—for the murmuring brook—for the sylvan charm of youth—for the long lost mother. These were vanished visions, and in their place were marshalled pride, ambition, envy, care, approaching age and the loneliness of genius. The bird's song of her childhood was drowned in the clanging noises of the city, and her tears flowed on, till Hetty, in yearning, cried: "O, how can you sorrow so? You are all that I wish to be, beautiful and great," and as she spoke the picture faded and she heard in her ears again the trill of the mounting bird and the tinkle of a distant cow bell and a little weed reached out a tiny hand and caressed her cheek, and she knew with an exceeding great gladness that she was yet a little merry child, and, though like the weed, she was plain and small, she could have within her the heart of the flower, breathing sweetness into others' lives.

FRANCES OVIATT LEWIS.

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The Sunday School

THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE SIX YEARS' COURSE.

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion.

BY REV. W. W. FENN.

Lesson XXII.

OTHER NEW TESTAMENT PHASES.

*O heart of mine, keep patience! Looking forth,
As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just and free, the Church of Christ on earth;
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found at last, the mystic Graal I see.
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
And over all the songs of angels hear;
Songs of the love that casteth out all fear;
Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!
Lo! in the midst, with the same look He wore,
Healing and blessing on Genesaret's shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender might
Of His great love, the dark hands and the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every pain,
Making all burdens light, and breaking every chain.*

—Whittier.

Picture: *Christus Consolator*, by Ary Scheffer (1795-1858).

This picture illustrates well the artist's love of freedom and sympathy with human suffering. The central figure is not an exalted Christ, but the Son of man with the marks of his passion still visible. To him men and women of all ages and classes are looking for consolation and release. An interesting fact about this picture is that in an edition of the prayer-book, published in the North, but intended for circulation principally in the South, which contained it as frontispiece, the figure of the kneeling black slave was omitted [Lowell, essay on the American Tract Society: Whittier, "On a Prayer-book"]. Obviously the constructive thought of the picture is that Jesus is still active in human affairs, helping the world to a purer, freer humanity; and therefore it is an apt introduction to our brief study of the mystical and the Roman interpretations of Christianity, as seen in the New Testament.

What is the mystical interpretation of Christianity?—In the Johannine writings the Eternal Word, which dwelleth by measure in every man, is said to have received perfect and absolute incarnation in the person of Jesus, belief in whom is possible only to those in whom already the Word sufficiently dwells, but whose effect is more complete participation in the Eternal Truth and Life and Love.

In the Johannine books the Christ is regarded as a living, abiding presence in the hearts of those who believe in

him. If one may use modern terminology, which does not, however, misrepresent primitive thought, the Christ is the divine ideal of the universe, which is of course a revelation of the nature of God. That divine ideal without which nothing was made, which is the substance of whatever exists, appeared in its completeness in Jesus, whose mission is therefore to help men understand themselves and realize in themselves and in the universe their highest ideals which are the product of "the Christ" within them. The words of Jesus in the Fourth Gospel are not to be conceived of as the utterances of an imperfect human being, the author intends them to be declarations of the Eternal Word, and whatever is said there of and by Jesus may with equal truth be said of and by every man to the degree that "the Christ" spirit is within and the divine ideal is realized in him. Hence the Christ, which is absolutely one with Jesus because perfectly embodied in him, is eternal life and truth, is one with God as a man's thought is one with himself; the progress of the world towards perfection is due to the presence in it of the Christ, which is "the central urge of every atom," and is only the advancing victory of the spirit that was without measure in Jesus. It follows, therefore, that Scheffer's picture is true to the mystical interpretation of Christianity as it appears in the Johannine books: whatever has been done or will be done for freedom, truth, love, the progress of man and the purifying of the world—everything is the work of Jesus the Christ.

It would carry us far beyond the narrow limits of a single lesson even to hint at the causes which brought about this interpretation of Christianity. That it does not at all represent the idea of Jesus may go almost without saying. We have already studied his notion of the Messiah and found it to be totally unlike this. Yet there is a prevailing tendency to disparage unduly the Fourth Gospel. It seems to contain a tradition of facts which is in some respects, though not on the whole, superior to that in the Synoptists, and its speeches preserve intimations of a side of Jesus' mind which is passed over almost in silence by the other evangelists. There undoubtedly was a touch of mysticism in Jesus which most of his followers were quite incapable of appreciating. In the Synoptists it appears in such passages as Matt. xi. 25-30, which have an unmistakably Johannine ring. Without venturing to speak positively, we may say that possibly the Fourth Gospel represents the more mystical teachings of Jesus in the form they came to assume after lying over fifty years in a mind prone to mysticism and subject during the latter part of the time to Alexandrine influence, as those teachings and the historical traditions were understood by a disciple of the apostle. Yet, while the Gospel is precious because it preserves a memory of the mystical side of Jesus, its words do not represent the thoughts of Jesus, and its fundamental conception was entirely foreign to him.

It must not be supposed, moreover, that in the Johannine writings alone of the New Testament books is the mystical interpretation of Christianity found. In Galatians, Paul says, "It is no more I that live, but Christ liveth in me"; the phrase "in Christ," by which he means participation in

the stream of righteousness and life issuing from the second Adam as its fountain head, belongs to the same class of thought. And if one wish a modern expression of the idea, which reveals the reality underlying Scheffer's picture, given not by a mystic but by one of the most clear-eyed, sober-minded, unimpassioned of our thinkers, it may be found in the following extract: "What do I say then? That the man goes where his thought goes. Wherever his will tears down obstacles by whatever means, there goes the man. Wherever his wisdom carries light, wherever his fidelity keeps others faithful, or his goodness blesses the world, there lives the man." (Thoughts from the Writings of Rev John C. Learned, p. 35). Now it is true that most of the gains hinted at in our picture which have come to our civilization have been championed by men who drew their inspiration not from the church or a theologic Christ, but from the human Jesus who is said to have proclaimed as his mission "to preach good tidings to the poor,—to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

What is the Roman interpretation of Christianity?—Even in the New Testament are the beginnings of the idea that the church is a firmly compacted organization to which has been intrusted a deposit of truth, to whose officers is intrusted the communication of the spirit and which must be kept free from heresies and heretics.

This may rightfully be called the Roman view, since it emphasizes the Roman principle of organization. Jesus had no idea of instituting "an external and visible church whose sealing ordinances to the end of time should be baptism and the Lord's Supper," for to him the end of the age was very close at hand. The thought of "organizing" his disciples never entered his mind. In the early stages of Paul's career as a Christian, he, too, believed in the speedy return of Jesus, hence there was no need of a church organization planned to endure. But in the organization of little local communities, there was, apparently, a chief presbyter corresponding nearly to our Chairman of the Board of Trustees, who tended to become the executive officer of the church and who, in the course of time, through the enlarging demands of charity, discipline and missionary zeal, developed into the "bishop." As the position of the churches became more hazardous, the members of one church traveling to other cities would seek protection and shelter with the Christians there, hence letters of commendation and a closer brotherhood. Extravagances of doctrine accompanied frequently by immorality led to a closer defining of Christian belief, and this need, together with the dwindling survivors of the age of Jesus and the postponement of the second advent, brought about the formation of written records and the canon of scripture. In a few passages of the Acts we trace belief that the spirit belongs to the church and can be communicated only through the hands of an apostle (viii. 15-17, xix. 6; cf., however, x. 44 and the general notion that the imposition of

hands means only formal acknowledgment of the choice of the church). In the Pastoral Epistles there is a nascent ecclesiasticism and there are abundant warnings against heresies and heretics (1 Tim. iii. 15; vi. 20; 2 Tim. i. 13, 14, etc.). In these epistles, too, *faith* seems to refer not to an attitude of mind but to a body or system of doctrine. It cannot be said that the Pastoral Epistles were written by Paul; nevertheless in his undoubtedly genuine letters are the roots of the subsequent development in the idea of the church as the body of Christ. The result of this unification of the churches was to make the church a potent factor in the politics and civilization of the world. And inasmuch as the changes suggested by the picture we are studying came about ultimately and permanently only as the product of the forces that in society shape gradually and almost imperceptibly towards a higher civilization, we may use the Christus Consolator to illustrate the Roman as well as the mystical interpretation of Christianity, for here Jesus is shown as an actual agent in practical human affairs.

We have thus looked very hastily and superficially at four interpretations of the message of Jesus found in the New Testament. Jesus was a son of the prophetic tendency in Israel; but in Paul the influence of Scribism was strong enough to transform the word of Jesus into a system of legalism remarkably inconsistent with Paul's own condemnation of the Law. Yet in his missionary travels, and particularly during his sojourn in Corinth and Ephesus, Paul certainly grew in the direction of the subsequent Greek transformation, intimations of which appear in his epistles and in the (probably) spurious Letters to the Ephesians and Colossians. In the non-Christian Jewish thought there are clear fore-runners of the Johannine ideas, but it was only when Christianity was apperceived by a mind saturated with Greek ideas, and particularly with Alexandrine philosophy, that the thoughts of Jesus the Jew were changed into the metaphysics and mysticism of the Fourth Gospel. And as the churches attained prominence and incurred suspicion they were forced to a more stringent discipline and a closer organization, for which the Roman Empire furnished precedent. The chief object of these lessons has been to show that the thoughts of Jesus did not spring up supernaturally within him, but that he was a consummate representative of the best tendencies of his own time which descended from the prophets of Israel. Similarly his words fell not upon vacant minds, but into minds already formed by systems and principles which strove to adjust the new ideas into their environment with as little friction and disturbance as possible. In next year's course we shall study the development of tendencies whose beginnings we have already found in the New Testament.

For this lesson, the references are to Cone's *The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations* and Hatch's *Organization of the Early Christian Churches*. Matheson's *Spiritual Development of St. Paul* is also to be commended.

Questions.

The Picture—Can you find any reason why one man in the picture is shown with his back turned upon Jesus? Try to imagine what Scheffer imagined

each one of these persons might find to satisfy his, or her, needs in the words of Jesus.

The Mystical Interpretation.—What did Jesus mean by "the Christ?" What did Paul and "John"? The mystical side of Jesus—is it shown by the Synoptists? Which comes nearest to Jesus, Paul with his doctrine of faith or "John" and his message of love? (1 John iv. 16 and Rom. ii. 23-25.) What elements of mysticism were in Paul? Is there any mysticism in the Old Testament?

The Roman Interpretation.—What is the key-word to this phase of Christianity? Had Jesus an expectation that his followers would organize into a "Holy Catholic Church"? Are there any traces of the idea in Paul? Where is the tendency most apparent in the New Testament?

Sunday School Items.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SCHOOLS.

Previously acknowledged.

Rochester, N. Y.....	\$15
Hinsdale, Ill.....	10
Geneva, Ill.....	5
Sent in since then:	
St. Paul, Minn.....	20
Luverne, Minn.....	2
Chicago, Ill. (All Souls)	20

SOME MORE PENNIES AND POUNDS.

"A model church" is what some of our ministers call the church at Hobart, Ind.; and they call it so because it runs itself. It does not need a minister to wind it up every seven days. It goes steadily on, Sunday after Sunday, whether it has a minister or not.

I thought such a church was worth investigating, and so I went down there to study it. And I think I have found out the secret of its strength. It started as a Sunday school thirty years ago; and for ten years there was only the Sunday school, without any church. But twenty years ago the church came. They had taken care of the pennies and the pounds took care of themselves. And now they have their own church building with a service every evening and a Sunday school every morning. When I was there the Sunday school numbered 120, though the village has only about 1,500 people in all, with half a dozen other churches.

When I saw this school and the work it had accomplished, I asked myself why such a school could not be started in every town of the West where there are a dozen or half a dozen families of earnest parents who cannot bear to let their children grow up without any religious instruction, or to let them learn religious stories and beliefs which they will have to unlearn in later years? Why cannot the dozen, or two dozen, parents get together each Sunday and form the children into classes and teach them for an hour? It would help the children wonderfully. And I should not be surprised if it helped the parents almost as much; for the man or woman who tries to teach a class of

bright children gets taught himself, whether they do or not.

Such a Sunday school would pay for itself as it went; and it would be sure to grow into a church sooner or later, and a church of the right kind, too,—one that did not run down and stop when the minister went off with the key. If UNITY reaches any such little group of parents, I hope they will try the experiment; and if they will write to the Headquarters we will give them all the help we can.

A. W. G.

Notes from the field

Chicago, Ill.—At All Souls Church, for February, the pastors' sermons are: "Francis Parkman, the Great American Story-Teller," "The President of a Distracted People," "The Self-Protecting and Self-Asserting God," and "The Contributions of Science to Religion." On Sunday evening, the 4th, Prof. Small lectures on "The New Social Method," and on the 11th he gives the last lecture of his course, on "The New Society." On the evening of the 18th Mr. V. R. Ghandi, of Bombay, a lawyer belonging to the Jain sect, begins a course of four lectures: I. Mysticism in India, or the Yoga Philosophy; II. Essential Philosophy of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism; III. India Under Hindu, Mohammedan, and English Rule; IV. The Religious Future of India. On the first and third Mondays of the week the Philosophy Section (now at work on Spencer's *Justice*, after which it has been proposed to take up Shaler's "Interpretations of Nature") meets, and alternately with it the novel section, studying *Middlemarch*. On Tuesdays the women of the parish meet for charitable work, after a reading from Shelley by the pastor, and a box lunch, 11 to 4; the young people's vocal class meets at 4; and the Emerson section and Browning section, alternately, at 8. On Wednesdays the reading room is open from 7 to 9 p. m.; and, on the 14th a Lincoln party, with supper, for the children of the Sunday school, at 5 p. m. Thursdays at 8 p. m. a course of lectures on Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are given by Eugene Parsons. On

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Croup, Influenza, and
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Fridays the pastor's class in religion is held at 8 p. m.; the reading room is open from 7 to 9 p. m.; and, beginning on the 9th, the Lowell section of the Unity Club takes up a course in the Early History of the Old Northwest: A. The French pathfinders; B. The Early Traders and Trading Posts, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, etc.; C. State-Makers, the First Territorial Governors of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. Saturdays at 10 the pastor's confirmation class.

Chicago, Ill.—At Sinai Temple, Jan. 22, a mass meeting attended by about 300 was held to organize the Chicago Section of the National Council of Jewish Women. Several prominent rabbis were present, including Messrs. Hirsch, Moses, Norden, Stolz and Levy. Mrs. H. Solomon, president of the council, set forth its purposes as (1) to awaken Jewish women and men to a better knowledge of their religion, by means of study in the council and by exerting an influence upon the Sabbath school; and (2) to further preventive philanthropy. Others followed Mrs. Solomon, and the section was formed, the officers being: President, Mrs. Conrad Witkowski; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Maurice Mayer, Miss Bertha Loeb, Mrs. I. G. Harris; Secretary, Miss Hannah May; Treasurer, Mrs. C. S. Stettauer.

Chicago, Ill.—Unity Church had the privilege of hearing, on Jan. 21, Rev. H. T. Secrist, of Milwaukee, who is rapidly becoming one of the leading preachers of that city. Rev. B. R. Bulkley, formerly of Concord, Mass., is now filling Unity pulpit for the month of February. His reputation as an organizer of guilds has preceded him in the West and made him known by name to many of our workers.

Hinsdale, Ill.—At a church meeting on January 31 this society extended a unanimous call to Rev. C. F. Elliott, formerly pastor of the churches at Janesville, Wis., and at Jackson, Mich. The Hinsdale church is vigorous, harmonious and rapidly growing, and with its new minister it ought soon to become one of the most important churches of the West.

Moline, Ill.—Miss Hultin has received a very flattering call from the church in Troy, N. Y., but her people here are determined not to let her go, if they can help it. The deficit in the finances has been promptly made up and resolutions of warmest appreciation of her past services and her present sacrifice in staying have been unanimously passed; and it is understood that she will remain. Her departure would be a great loss, not only to Moline but to the whole Western work, where she has proved herself one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of the larger faith.

Sheffield, Ill.—This church celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, Jan. 28, by a special service; but the society shows all the vigor of youth. It has recently organized a Young People's Guild, that started with a membership of twenty-five and has now reached fifty-nine.

Princeton, Ill.—The People's Church is rapidly increasing in the size of its audiences lately. The hour of services has been changed from morning to afternoon, and that may have had something to do with the growth. But Mr. Skilling has been giving some

very able and interesting sermons, so that when people have come once they have liked it so well that they have come again, and now the attendance is three times as great as it was at the beginning of the year.

Ithaca, N. Y.—We learn from Rev. J. M. Scott's *Kindly Light*, that the Herbert Spencer class after two years' faithful study of Spencer's philosophy, has resolved itself into "the class in Sociology," and will meet at 4:30 Sunday afternoon to study economics, which it designates as "the foundation of sociology."

New York, N. Y.—Mrs. B. Ward Dix, president of the Women's Alliance, gave last week at her Brooklyn home a delightful luncheon to Rev. Helen G. Putnam, missionary at large to North Dakota. Miss Putnam has just been making a tour in New England, speaking to Alliances, and telling the story of her work in the sparsely settled

regions of the Far West, and has met everywhere with hearty interest and good will. Her work is, as she calls it, seed-sowing in virgin soil; and she finds numerous signs of a good crop of liberal ideas, the nursery of churches yet to be. On Monday she speaks at Trinity Church, Brooklyn.

The Unitarian Club dinner was an occasion of unusual interest. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones came on from Chicago to be present, and both charmed, and if one may venture to say it, stirred up the company with his undiluted Western sentiments concerning the denominational name and a broad and inclusive religious platform. There were good speeches also by Rev. Merle St. C. Wright and Rev. Messrs. Williams and Chadwick. "Our Missionary Opportunity from a Layman's Point of View" was an able address by George W. Stone, of Wilmington, Del.—A. L., in *Christian Register*.



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Announcements

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

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CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall st. et. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Min.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnsonot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH the pastor will preach in the morning on "The President of a Distracted People;" in the evening PROF. SMALL will deliver the last of his lectures on "Sociology."

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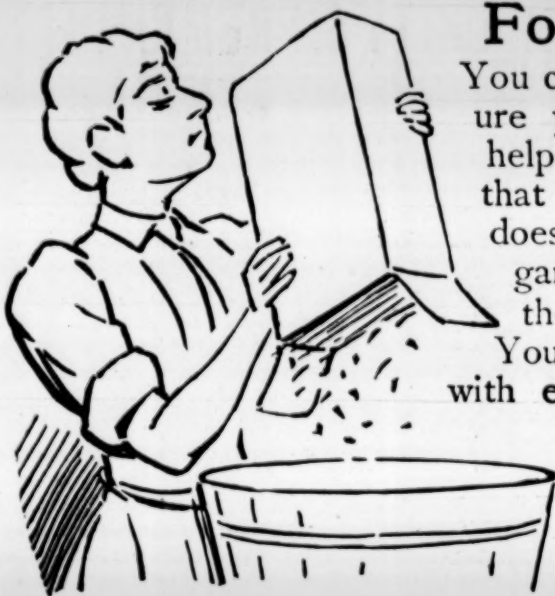
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